

HANNAY. Well – ladies and gentlemen I must apologise for my...hesitation in addressing you but to tell you the simple truth, I'd entirely failed, while listening to the chairman's flattering description just now, to realise he was talking...about me.

*(canned laughter)*

Thank you. Thank you very much. Anyway when I...er...journeyed up to Scotland a few – days ago, travelling on the Highland Express over that magnificent structure the Forth Bridge –

*(Reveals his handcuff. Hastily hides it.)*

– I'd no idea that in a few days I should be addressing an important political meeting. But may I say from the bottom of my heart and the utmost sincerity how delighted and relieved I am to find myself in your presence at this moment.

*(Suddenly PAMELA enters. She waves at MCQUARRIE and DUNWOODY. Sits on side of stage. HANNAY smiles at her.)*

Oh hello. Do take a seat. I'm just about to get to the best –

*(He recognizes her. She recognizes him.)*

Good heavens!

*(Romantic music plays.)*

Hello!

*(They gaze at one another for a moment. She runs out.)*

*(Romantic music cuts out.)*

So – anyway, um – what was I saying? Ah yes – delighted. Not to say – relieved. Because so long as I stand on this platform I am delivered for the moment from the cares and anxieties that are always the lot of a man in my position. Anyway ladies and gentlemen as you know we're here tonight to – to – discuss erm – what shall we discuss? I know – let's discuss er – how about – the

herring trade? Or haddock perhaps? Or the idle rich! Not that I can talk about that because I'm not rich and I've never been idle.

*(canned laughter.)*

HANNAY. *(cont.)* Thanks awfully. Well I've been a pretty busy all my life really. Well actually not recently. Recently I've been in a bit of a slump to be honest. Catching myself in the lonely hours, full of damned – thoughts and what have you. Well not that recently. Recently, the last few days –

*(PAMELA appears. Whispers furiously to DUNWOODY and MCQUARRIE. They leave the stage with PAMELA.*

*HANNAY carries on. He's rather getting into it.)*

– well the last day really, everything's gone a bit hay-wire frankly. Wouldn't say it's been easy. Pretty damned difficult actually. But the odd thing is – the odd thing is – you carry on! And it's pretty bracing when you do. Pulls a chap out of himself if you know what I mean. There he is. No idea what's happening. Who to trust. Where to turn. Whether it'll be worth it at the end of it all. But something – I don't know – stirs the old bones!

*(He grips the lectern.)*

Gets the old ticker pumping again! And there's no time to think. And your mind's singing. And your heart's racing. And you're meeting people. Real people! Doing the best they can!

*(PAMELA appears again. This time accompanied by the two MEN who have now changed into two HEAVIES in trilbies and trench-coats. HANNAY carries on, playing for time. But inspired too.)*

Yes! Doing the best they can in all the terrible situations the world throws at them! Suffering things *no man or woman ought to suffer!* And yet they carry on! They don't give up!

*(glancing back at the HEAVIES)*

HANNAY. (*cont.*) They damn well keep going! And I'll tell you what else they do. They do the best they can for *other* people too! Whatever problems they've got, they damn well look after each other! Is that such an –

(*He remembers the professor's words.*)

– 'outmoded sentimental notion'? Is it!? Well is it? So look here –

(*Music: Hubert Parry's "Jerusalem" fades up.*)

– let's just all set ourselves resolutely to make this world a happier place! A decent world! A good world! A world where no nation plots against nation! Where no neighbour plots against neighbour, where there's no persecution or hunting down, where everybody gets a square deal and a sporting chance and where people try to help and not to hinder! A world where suspicion and cruelty and fear have been forever banished! So I'm asking you – each and every one of you here tonight –

(*He points at members of the audience.*) – you and you and – (*He searches round.*)

– you – and –

(*Looks behind him at the banner.*)

– Mr. McCrocodile! Is that the sort of world you want? Because that's the sort of world I want! Come on! What do you think! Cheer if you agree! That's it! Bloody marvellous! There! That's all I have to say! Thank you.

(*Music climaxes.*)

(*Wild applause. HANNAY looks delighted and bows.*)

PAMELA. This is the man you want inspector!

HANNAY. Where have I heard those words before?

(*He makes a bolt for it. The heavies give chase. At last they grab him. Pin him down. Pull him up.*)